

# AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"The top of the morning to you!" says Miss Peggy, coming marching into the coffee room, and twirling her bonnet by the strings. There is a gay audacity in her face, and health and youth and high spirits are in her shining eyes.

"The same to you and many of them," one answers, humbly.

"I do believe," she continues, in tones of tragic vexation, "that your English bootmakers are the immediate descendants of the people who lived in the Age of Iron. Why, French and German bootmakers use leather! But your English bootmakers fix your feet with iron clamps."

"So your racing and chasing on Durham and Clifton Downs has found you out—is that it? Well, you'll have to come better provided to the Highlands—boots with broad toes, double-soled, and with plenty of nails in them to get a grip of the heather."

"I am not so sure about my ever going to the Highlands," she says, with something of a change of manner; and she walks along to the window and looks out. Then she returns. "Won't you go for a little stroll until they come down? It is quite pretty out there."

This is a command rather than an invitation; one fetches hat and stick; Miss Peggy whips on her bonnet and ties the strings; and presently we are lounging about the College Green, which looks very well in the early sunlight. And the sunlight suits Miss Peggy, brightening the clear rose of her complexion, and lending a mystery to her shadowed eyes, and making a wonder and glory of her hair.

"Has Mr. Duncombe's parcel of books come?" she asks presently.

"I don't know."

"Do you think he will succeed as a writer?" again she asks, in her careless way.

"How can one tell? He hasn't got very far yet."

"He is very modest about it," she says. "His simplicity is almost amusing. He doesn't aim at much, does he? Rather a small ambition, wouldn't you call it, to be writing these little things, and making up plots for farces? Why, if I were a man, I'd win the Victoria Cross or die!" she adds, with superfluous energy.

"Good gracious! if everybody wanted the V. C., how would the world's business go on?"

"I'm talking about myself personally," she says, resolutely.

"To begin with, you would have to be a soldier."

"I would be a soldier."

"You would want an opportunity—"

"I would make an opportunity."

"Well, I hope you will hear a pibroch or two in the Highlands this year; what makes you think you won't be able to go?"

"Oh, as for that," she says, with rather a proud and hurt air, "I am sure I am at liberty to go, for anything my people at home seem to care about me. They don't appear to be much concerned as to whether I go or stay."

"No letters this morning?"

"Oh, it isn't this morning—or many a morning back. I don't believe I've heard from home since I left London, and I've written regularly to my sister Emily every Sunday, sometimes oftener."

"Don't you think they assume that you have withdrawn altogether into the wilds, and that it is no use trying to find you? Or isn't it just as likely that there has been some mistake about forwarding your letters, and that you will find them all in a bundle when you get back to town? We shall soon be making a bee-line for London now."

"Those people have come down," she says, discreetly glancing over to the windows of the hotel; "we must go in."

It was now for the first time that a foreshadowing of the breaking up of our party began to weigh upon the spirits of one or two of these good folk—particularly upon Col. Cameron, who became remarkably glum and silent when we were counting up the days it would take us to reach the Highlands. There was a certain gloom in the air, and the clouds gradually lifted; and there were gleams of yellow among the soft purples and grays. The still waters of the winding Avon mirrored every feature of the bank; and further off the skies were reflected, too—a shimmer of silver here and there, a breadth of liquid light darkening almost to black under the trees; while over the glassy surface darted innumerable swifts and martens, busy in the still, warm, moist air. By this time, of course, waterproofs had been thrown aside; and as we came to a convenient landing place the boat was stopped as we got ashore—all but Jack Duncombe, who was eager to get at his books.

Now it was Sir Ewen Cameron who assisted Miss Peggy to step along the gang board; and when she had reached the bank these two naturally went together—at first walking pretty smartly so as to get ahead of the horse. Queen Tita was in no such hurry.

"What is taking that girl back to America?" he asks, presently, looking away along the towpath toward those two.

"Who can tell? She doesn't seem to know herself."

"But perhaps she is right," this small person continues, rather wistfully. "Yes; even if it is only some vague kind of feeling. And if she was once over there, and were to come back, then we couldn't be held responsible for anything that might happen. Of course, I hope she will come back. It is very curious what a hold that girl gets over one. England wouldn't be half England to me if I didn't know that, sooner or later, I could look forward to seeing my Peggy again."

"Your Peggy?"

"Yes, indeed," she continued, boldly.

"Oh, any one could see how all you men have been fighting for her good graces, for a word or a smile or a look; but she

has kept to me all the time. Do you think she doesn't know what men are?"

"Poor Peggy! She seemed most unusually grave when we had all to get on board again, for we were now drawing near to Bath. Not only that, but she appeared to be at once absent minded and apprehensive; subsiding into a deep reverie from time to time, and yet anxiously responding to any remark addressed to her, so that her thoughtfulness might not be noticed. She had no further quips and questions about Jack Duncombe's bundle of books. She took some tea in silence. And then these two women-folk had to be left to themselves; for we were now getting to the end of the day's voyage."

The approach of the beautiful Queen of the West, by the valley of the Avon, is disappointing in the extreme; indeed, the slums here are about as bad as those of the Totterdown suburb of Bristol. It was abundantly manifest that there was no abiding place for us; again, and for the last time on this trip, we should have to sleep ashore; and so, when a few things had been put into the various hand-bags, we set off, a small procession, through the streets of Bath, putting up at a hotel where, notwithstanding our suspicious want of luggage, we were made fairly welcome and furnished with rooms.

That night, before we separated, the humble chronicler of these events had a small folded note covertly handed to him; and, on subsequently opening it, he found it to contain these words:

"Shall you be down early to-morrow morning? I want to say something very particular to you—in private, PEGGY."

Poor Peggy! Was it the thought of going away across the wide Atlantic again that was pressing heavily on her heart?

## CHAPTER XX.

This day begun with glooms and disappointments; then blossomed forth into a summer-like luxuriance of all beautiful things; and finally ended in joy and calm content. Perhaps it was our general impatience of towns, and our anxiety to be away in the wilderness again, that led us to form so poor an opinion of the appearance of Bath; but, anyhow, the morning was wet and lowering; the windows seemed dingy; and the spectacle of a crowd of people hurrying along muddy pavements, most of them with umbrellas up, to their respective shops and offices was modern and commonplace and depressing. This was not what we had expected of the famous Queen of the West. All her former glories seemed to have vanished away behind the mournful pall of rain.

And then, again, the appointment that had been planned the evening before did not take place. Everybody seemed to have come into the little sitting room about the same moment; and Miss Peggy had no opportunity of saying a word. During breakfast she was quite silent; and thereafter, when there was a general hunt for waterproofs and umbrellas, she set about getting ready in a mechanical way. At the door of the hotel she merely said, in an undertone:

"Some other time I will speak to you," and then went out.

Hunting for curiosities proved to be an engrossing occupation with our party; so that Miss Peggy was enabled to lag a little behind without being observed, while a slight finger touch on the arm secured her the listener she wanted. The young lady seemed at once shy and anxious; there was more color in her face than usual; and when she spoke it was in a hurried and low undertone.

"I want your advice," said she; "perhaps you may think I should speak to your wife—but I would rather have a man's advice. Your wife has very exalted ideas—she might be a little too uncompromising; and I would rather you would tell me what ordinary people would say and think."

There was a moment of hesitation; then she began to speak, rather slowly, and with downcast eyes.

"Tell me what you think I should be justified in doing. I am involved at home in a half-and-half kind of engagement. Both families were anxious for it—and I liked him a little; oh, yes, he is very amusing, and makes the time pass; and I dare say he liked me well enough when everything was going prosperously. Then you know how my father's affairs went wrong," she continued, with an occasional glance toward those other people, to make sure they were not observing her; and there was a change after that. Yes, he is very sensible, and prides himself on it. Oh, I know what his ambitions are. He wants to get among the millionaires; he wants to run the biggest yacht afloat, and to have paragraphs about himself in the papers. That is why he has never come to Europe; he never will come to Europe until he has money enough to get himself talked about. And then, when my father's affairs went wrong, I suppose it was but natural he should begin to think twice; and although he has never said he wanted the engagement broken off—no, for he is afraid of quarrelling with his own people—he has left me pretty free to imagine that I can go if I choose. Oh, I am not vexed," she continued. "Of course, a girl does not like to be thrown over."

"You thrown over?"

"It is not quite so bad as that, for he writes me from time to time—in a kind of a way—and I am left to understand that he considers the engagement binding if I wish it. Well, a girl doesn't quite like that," she added, with just the least passing tremor in her voice; but doubtless it was pride rather than any sense of injury that was driving her to speak.

"So I want you to tell me what I should be justified in doing," she resumed.

"Oh, Miss Rosslyn, come along here for a minute!" a third person broke in; it was Jack Duncombe. "I have discovered the tablet put up to commemorate the illustrious virtues of Beau Nash. It's beautiful. Come along, and I will translate it for you."

So Miss Rosslyn was haled away, somewhat to the relief of the person whom she had been consulting. For it was not so easy as it looked to say off-hand what Miss Peggy should do in these circumstances.

The beautiful valley increased in loveliness and loneliness, as we followed the slow windings of our galleried wayward, high up on this hillside. We had all this world of sunlight and green leaves and sweet-blowing winds entirely to ourselves. We met with no one. Miss Peggy was up at the bow, her throat bare to the warm breeze, her hair, unshaded by any bonnet, showing threads of burnished gold in the sunlight. Jack Duncombe was standing beside her, with an ordnance map spread out on the roof of the house.

Then we came to the Dundas Aqueduct, which spans the wide vale, and here the spacious view was more extensive than ever—the landscape disappearing into tender distances of rose-gray and lightest green until, at the far horizon line and melting into the silvery sky, there were touches of pale, translucent blue. But this aqueduct carried us across the valley and very soon we had left the wide, open country behind us, and were plunged into umbrageous woods. It was much hotter here; there was hardly a breath of air to stir the shelving branches that felt their way into the sunlight; and it was but rarely that the intervening foliage afforded any shelter. Nevertheless, these good people would insist on going for a stroll along the towpath—all except Miss Peggy, who, at the last moment, abruptly changed her mind and decided to remain with the steersman, to cheer him with her company.

"This might be a river in a Brazilian forest," said she, "for the beauty of it and the solitude."

It was not of any river in Brazil she was thinking; she was but waiting until those people on the bank were out of earshot.

"Then she said presently:

"Have you thought that over?"

"Yes."

Her next question was not put into words; it was a nervous flash of inquiry that appeared in her eyes. Then she looked down again, as if awaiting judgment. She had a bit of red hawthorn in her hand, and her fingers were pulling into small shreds one or two of the dark-green leaves.

"Well, you see, Miss Peggy, if your description of the situation is literally correct—literally and absolutely—correct—then you would be amply justified in telling that young gentleman in New York to go and be hanged. That is what any man would say—off-hand and at once. There may be some explanation. Letters may have been delayed. You may get them when you go back to London."

"And if there were a hundred letters, do you think I don't know what would be in them?" she demanded, rather proudly. "And as for drifting and drifting, I have grown a little tired of that. It is no great compliment to a girl to put her in such a position. I dare say, now, if I were over in America—if I were to go to America for even a fortnight, I could get the whole matter settled."

"You really and honestly mean that you want to have it broken off?"

"Broken off!" she exclaimed, with just a touch of indignation in her voice. "It is he who wants to have it broken off—and hasn't the courage to say so. He won't own it to me; he won't own it to his family; but do you think I don't understand? I am not blind. And however stupid a woman may be at other times, in an affair of this kind she can see clearly enough."

"That is true. But on the other hand, if you think that this half-and-half engagement should come to an end, why not let it gradually die a natural death? It seems pretty moribund at present, doesn't it? Cease writing to him."

"He hasn't written to me for nearly two months."

"Very well. Stop altogether. If that doesn't force him to ask for an explanation—if he asks for no explanation, then the matter is at an end. You go your way, and he his."

"I think you that is good advice; and I thank you," she said, in rather a low voice.

## LIKE THE LITTLE ONES.

Men Are Fond of the Society of Children.

"There's a very general idea abroad in the land that men don't care to board in a house where there are children," said one of the sterner sex yesterday, "but that is, I believe, a great mistake, just as it is an error to imagine that men generally don't like the little ones. No doubt there are a few crusty old bachelors in the world who would be horribly annoyed by pattering feet and shrill little voices in the halls and on the stairs, but I must confess I like to hear these noises, and I find by questioning a number of my friends—all young, unmarried men—that they do also. The children give a sort of home-y atmosphere that's very pleasant to even the most comfortless places."

"Taking one thing with another, I believe men are fonder of children than women are, anyhow. What I mean is that more men than women are fond of them. I know plenty of the gentler sex who wouldn't think of going to a boarding-house where youngsters were admitted and I know just as many men who seek out those places and obtain a certain amount of comfort and satisfaction in their lonely lives in making friends with the youngsters and spending valuable time repairing sundry broken toys or telling wonderful stories in which giants figure to an amazing extent."

"A child's affection is a very delightful thing, and most men feel flattered to be the object of even a mild liking on the part of the small tyrants. There are half a dozen little ones in the house where I board, and I am the familiar friend of every one of them. It's a very delightful and absorbing acquaintance, and I'm fast developing into a story-teller of such marked ability that I'll make a fortune in this way, no doubt, after awhile."

## NOT TOO FRESH.

Stubb—The other day there was a stampede of a dozen ferocious steers. Police and cowboys together couldn't stem their mad rush. Suddenly a half-grown boy appeared on the scene. Wide pantalons and U. S. N. on his cap told that he was in Uncle Sam's navy. When the steers saw that boy they trotted behind him like so many lambs.

Penn—How do you account for that?

Stubb—Well, you know all cattle are very fond of a little salt.—Chicago News.

## QUAY IS BARRED OUT.

UNITED STATES SENATORS DECIDE AGAINST HIM.

Deny Admission by the Close Vote of 33 to 32—Many Republicans Cast Their Lot with the Opposition—Hanna Paired Against Him.

The Senate on Tuesday by a vote of 33 to 32, refused Matthew S. Quay, a seat in that body on the appointment of the Governor of Pennsylvania.

The entire time of the Senate was devoted to debate upon the question, many of the greatest lawyers and orators in the body delivering speeches. As the day's session wore on and the hour for the final vote approached the galleries gradually filled until they were thronged with multitudes, while other multitudes were unable to gain admission. The great throng listened with deep attention to the brilliant argument of Mr. Spooner in favor of the seating of the former Pennsylvania Senator and to the dramatic and fiery eloquence of Mr. Daniel.

As the big clock opposite the President pro tempore indicated 4 o'clock there was a hush in the chamber. Mr. Frye, in the chair, announced that the hour for the final vote had arrived and that the question was the pending motion of Mr. Chandler to strike out of the resolution declaring Mr. Quay not to be entitled to a seat the word "not." Senators throughout the chamber eagerly followed the roll call, for all knew the vote would be close. The first sensation was caused by the failure of Mr. Pitttrew of South Dakota to answer to his name, although he was in his seat. When Mr. Vest's name was called he voted "No" in a clear, distinct voice, thus dashing the last hope of the friends of Mr. Quay, who had expected confidently that the distinguished Missourian would vote for his long-time personal friend. In perfect silence it was announced that the Senate had denied Mr. Quay the seat which he has sought for some months past.

The following Republican Senators voted against the resolution: Bard, Burrows, Hale, Hawley, McBride, McCumber, McMillan, Platt (Conn.), Proctor, Charles, Ross, Simon, Teller and Wellington.

Pairs were announced as follows: The first named in each instance being favorable to Mr. Quay and the second opposed to him. Pritchard with Gallinger, Depew with Hanna, Foster with Keen, Lodge with Thurston, Kenney with Caffery, Elkins with Chilton, Fairbanks with Mallory, Hoar with Pettus, Kyle with Rawlins.

The following Senators were unpaired: Aldrich, Beveridge, Clark (Mont.) and Pettigrew.

The vote was then taken on the resolution declaring Quay was not entitled to a seat. The resolution declaring Quay not entitled to a seat was carried, 33 to 32, the roll call being the same as in the previous call.

POWERFUL COAL TRUST.

Three Men Now Control the Entire Trade of the United States.

A trust was formed by the recent alliance of the Vanderbilt-Morgan-Cassatt railroads, and henceforth the absolute control of the American coal trade, both anthracite and bituminous, will rest in the hands of this powerful combine.

While the coal trust has practically existed for two years and more, it has never had control of the bituminous situation, although J. Pierpont Morgan, its ruling spirit, has been an important factor in soft coal affairs. But now by the alliance between the railroad interests of W. K. Vanderbilt, J. P. Morgan and A. J. Cassatt the entire coal situation is so bottled up that it can be controlled by the three men named, and the final settlement of details is now being made, Mr. Morgan having gone to London to see Mr. Vanderbilt for that purpose.

In the hands of the Vanderbilt-Cassatt interests is lodged practical control of the New York Central, Delaware and Hudson, Pennsylvania, Norfolk and Western, Baltimore and Ohio, Chesapeake and Ohio and Big Four. Mr. Morgan has the Reading, Lehigh Valley, Erie, Ontario and Western and enough of an interest in the small soft coal roads to make competition practically impossible.

Zola, at 21, often went hungry. Attorney General Griggs is a crack shot.

Ex-United States Senator Sawyer is 83 years of age.

George Gould has purchased one of the finest packs of fox hounds in England.

President McKinley's favorite game is chess. He is quite an expert player.

In the paper mill owned by Gov. Crane at Dalton, Mass., workmen who become too old to labor are retired on their regular salary as long as they live.

The King of Sweden never touches a gun. The King of Belgium has shot only once in his life, and the Sultan of Turkey cannot be seen to see a gun.

The late William Dickey, who was a member of the Maine Legislature for fifty-nine years, made the longest record for service of that kind in the State.

Joseph L. Mayers, State Senator of Ohio from Coshocton, walked to the capital from his home, a distance of 100 miles, to show his independence of railroads.

Representative Littlefield of Maine, who favors the prohibition laws of the State, was embarrassed at a euchre party in Washington by winning as a prize a handsome beer stein.

United States Senator Nelson was born in Norway.

Maine's Legislature ordered a bust of ex-Speaker Reed.

Miss Floretta Vining of Hull, Mass., owns nine newspapers.

Former Senator Ingalls' mother is still living an active life in Boston at the advanced age of 90 years.

President Eliot of Harvard is something of a pedestrian. He frequently walks from Cambridge into Boston.

Of the twenty-five men who have filled the Governor's chair in Indiana Gov. Mount is the only one living.

## CONDITION OF CROPS.

Improvement Reported in the Appearance of Winter Wheat.

The summary of the crop conditions throughout the country, as shown by the weekly crop report issued by the weather bureau, is as follows:

"The temperature conditions were generally highly favorable, but excessive rains in the Southern States greatly interfered with farm work and caused destructive floods. In portions of Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana much replanting will be necessary as a result of the inundation. Farm work has also been retarded as a result of heavy rains in the eastern portion of Kansas and Nebraska and Southern Missouri. Rain is much needed in Montana, North Dakota and over the northern portion of Minnesota. While freezing temperatures occurred in the upper Missouri Valley and middle and northern Rocky Mountain regions, it appears that no serious injury has been done."

The week has not been favorable for the rapid progress of corn planting, but preparations for this work have been active in the more northerly sections and under favorable weather conditions will progress rapidly. Planting has been generally retarded where not completed in the Southern States, and also from Kansas and Oklahoma westward over the central Mississippi Valley, being later than for many years in Tennessee.

"An improvement in the condition of winter wheat is generally reported, except in Michigan and Wisconsin, where plowing up for other crops continue. With ample moisture and favorable temperature the crop has made rapid growth in the central valleys and Southern States, its condition in Kentucky and Tennessee being exceptionally fine. Wheat is heading in Texas, where a good yield is indicated. The favorable outlook on the Pacific coast, except in Southern California, continues. Early sown spring wheat is coming up to good stands over the southern portion of the spring wheat region. Seeding is now nearly completed, except in North Dakota and Montana, where from one-quarter to one-half of the crop is yet to be sown. All reports respecting the oat crop are encouraging, seeding being well advanced in the northern sections."

DEATH IN CHICAGO LABOR RIOT.

Union Picket Leads an Attack and Is Killed.

In an attack upon non-union men employed at the Baker-Vawter company, lithographers in Chicago, where a strike is in progress, Peter Miller was shot through the head and instantly killed by H. C. Baster, superintendent of the factory. John McGuire was also shot through the right arm and right cheek by the superintendent, and severely, although not fatally, injured. In addition to this affair, the labor situation was intensified by the arrest of George P. Gubbins, president of the Bricklayers' Union. He was taken on a charge of inciting riot.

The trouble at the Baker-Vawter company's plant which almost assumed the proportions of a riot was the outcome of a strike which has been in existence at the factory since last January.

THE BURLINGTON MAY PARALLEL THE NORTH-PACIFIC TRACKS TO OGDEN.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad agreed to join other roads in abolishing commissions.

The extension of the C. & E. I. from Marion to Thebes, Ill., has been opened for passenger business.

It is reported that the Nickel Plate road will put in service another Chicago-New York passenger train.

The Lake Shore has put into service a new train from Chicago to Boston, which will make the 1,039 miles in twenty-six hours.

Hereafter Sisters of Charity in uniform will be sold half-rate tickets by Central Passenger Association lines without the necessity of their securing clergy certificates.

All the roads from Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City to Colorado will follow the example of the Rock Island and run excursions at half rates to Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs.

Chicago capitalists have purchased a controlling interest in the Munising Railway, which runs from Munising Bay to Little Lake, Mich., a distance of sixty miles. The purchase is incident to the acquisition of over 80,000 acres of Michigan timber land.

Justice Shiras of the United States Supreme Court has handed down a decision that Ashland and not Duluth is the Eastern terminal of the Northern Pacific road. By reason of this decision a large area of valuable timber land comes into possession of the road.

Attorneys for six big Western land grant railroads have decided to sue the United States Government for nearly one \$300,000 for carrying soldiers from Chicago to San Francisco during the Spanish-American war. Immediately after the close of the war the roads filed claims for transporting the troops. The claims asked for full tariff rates, less deductions of 50 per cent made by the lines which hold land grants. The Government refused to recognize the claims, alleging that the railroads were not entitled to rates higher than are charged parties of twenty or more persons traveling on one ticket, known in railway parlance as "party rates." In addition to this the Comptroller contended that the land grant roads must deduct 50 per cent.

The Rockefellerers are reported to have obtained control of the Missouri Pacific and will consolidate it with the Missouri, Kansas and Texas.

A train of twenty-five flat cars loaded with thrashing machines from a Racine, Wis., factory was taken west from Chicago by the Burlington. A private car and a brass band accompanied the train.

The Central Passenger Association has decided to adopt a composite ticket, with coupons for both first and second class passengers in order to do away with any opportunity for the roads to offer sleeping car service on second class tickets.

## ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

PHENOMENON OCCURS MAY 28, AND WILL BE TOTAL.

In the Path of Totality the Orb of Day Will Be Obscured for Nearly Two Minutes—The Event Is Attracting World-Wide Attention.

The forthcoming total eclipse of the sun, on May 28, is attracting world-wide attention, and astronomers everywhere have long been making preparations for observing and photographing the phenomenon. Besides making the usual time observations, interest largely centers in photographing the corona, the coronal streamers, the spectra of the chromosphere, and particularly the celebrated flash spectrum appearing both at beginning and end of totality. Fortunately for us, it will be possible to witness the phenomenon from many sections of the United States. On the occasion of the last eclipse scientists who desired to study the sun during the brief period of totality hurried to western India, and many of them were successful in obtaining excellent photographs of the great event.

On May 28 the circular shadow of the moon cast by the sun upon the earth, and about eighty miles in diameter, will come sweeping across the American continent from New Orleans to Cape Harey. Along the center of the path traveled by this swiftly moving shadow the sun will be completely hidden for a period of about two minutes. More than forty miles away, on either side of the track the eclipse will be partial, not total. To witness this astronomical marvel it will only be necessary to take up a favorable position in the State of Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina or Virginia. As it has been many years

since an eclipse has occurred under circumstances so favorable to American astronomers, it will undoubtedly be witnessed by thousands of students who have felt regret that previous exhibitions have occurred at distances so great as to prevent them from witnessing the events.

An eclipse of the sun that will be visible to us can occur only when the moon is new. At that time she passes exactly between us and the sun. If an eclipse should happen when she was at her least distance from us, say 222,000 miles away, the apex of the shadow would pass over our heads at a distance of many thousands of miles. In the first instance the eclipse will be total along the path made by the falling shadow. In the second instance the eclipse will be annular, as the moon will be so diminished that at no time will she be able to completely obscure the sun.

Prof. Langley, who is an authority upon sun eclipses, is enthusiastic in anticipation of the exhibition that is to be given next May. "Such eclipses," he says, "are impressive and awful to the last degree and must be seen to be appreciated. A total eclipse of the sun is worth a journey round the world to behold, and repetition does not dull the interest."

According to the calculations of Prof. Lumsden, the round black shadow of the moon, like a great arm, will sweep in out of space some time after sunrise on the morning of May 28. This gigantic arm will come into contact with the earth somewhere near the Revilla Gigedo islands in the Pacific ocean. With tremendous velocity the shadow will rush toward the mainland and will enter Mexico, near Corrientes, at a speed of more than 100 miles a minute. In eight minutes it will have crossed the Rocky mountains, and by 7:30 central or 8:30 eastern time it will have crossed the gulf and entered Mexico. Then on it will pass, over its selected path, until it is lost again in space.

The period of totality of the eclipse varies at different points along the track. At the Rocky mountains the spectacle will last but about thirty seconds, and at New Orleans the period will have been lengthened thirty-seven seconds. At Union Point, Green County, Georgia, the time of totality will be ninety-two seconds, while those who are at the Atlantic coast, just south of the city of Norfolk, will be able to continue their observations for 105 seconds.

While the occasion will be a most interesting one to all who are able to witness the phenomenon to astronomers the event will be of the utmost importance, as there are several questions that they hope to be able to answer after they have made their next observations. One of the most important problems relates to the composition and arrangement of the various layers of vapor and dust that envelope the sun as with an atmosphere. Another relates to the existence and position of what is sometimes called the "reversing layer."

Municipal Matters.

The City of Mexico has 411 artesian wells.

Philadelphia has appropriated \$750,000 for new bridges.

Brooklyn has 31,087 apartment houses and 500,000 tenement house dwellers.

It is estimated that gamblers in New York have been paying over \$2,000,000 a year for "protection."

An agent of the New York State civil service board has been sent to Syracuse to investigate the municipal civil service commission.

POSITION OF THE PLANETS.

THE SUN.

THE MOON.

THE EARTH.

THE PLANETS.